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War

To Arms—To Arms the Nations cry,
  Unleash the dogs of War.
While sanguine clouds ride in the sky,
  Make hot the cannon's bore.

In God of battles put your trust,
  Your flags of war unfurl,
With deadly aim and saber thrust,
  Your hate and vengeance hurl.

Yes, hurl your showers of leaden darts,
  KINGS have the RIGHT to kill,
Wars make the World's commercial mart,
  Its greedy coffers fill.

Show to the world your armed skill,
  Let powers of Hell combine,
To keep the Words—"Thou Shalt Not Kill"
  From off the firing line.

Drown in the battle's deadly din,
  The mother's anguished moan,
For blood must flow if warriors win,
  And Nations are o'erthrown.

Let devastation strew your path,
  Grim havoc spread around,
Richer the victor's aftermath,
  That springs from blood-stained ground.

Speed on your bristling ships of Hell
  With flags of war unfurled,
Belch forth your hate in shot and shell,
  Make history for the world.

But take you heed, lest in the storm,
  That rages fierce and shrill
You may awake THAT SLEEPING FORM,
  That bade the waves, BE STILL.

EMMA E. HUNT,
San Jose, Cal.

1904

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

"The Writing on the Wall"

925

by

EMMA E. HUNT,

San Jose, California,

1900.

Verses written by my mother
Presented to
Prof Henry Meade Bland
by an old student of Los Gatos Grammar
School days & an ardent admirer
Wm. T. Hunt
San Jose, California

Gift of Class of 1887

Freedom's Apostasy

When Freedom fled across the sea,
  And claimed the new world for her own,
And sang the song of Liberty—
  That echoes on from zone to zone—

When from the tyrant's bitter hate
  Each hard-fought battlefield she won,
From Plymouth Rock to Golden Gate
  She blazed the name of Washington.

Her blood-bought fields gave to the world
  A refuge from oppression's rod,
Her consecrated flag unfurled
  To Justice, Liberty and God.

When later on the cry of wrong
  Was forced from lips of captive men,
She added to her deathless song
  The living notes from Lincoln's pen.

Again the song of Liberty
  Gives to the world another strain,
The palm-fringed islands of the sea
  She clutches from the power of Spain.

O, that my muse might here refrain
  Nor let one note of discord fall,
But o'er mistakes let silence reign
  And like a mantle cover all.

Will silence cover up the shame
  Of treachery, deceit and wrong,
A great Republic's blackened name
  The strangled notes of Freedom's song—

Will it remove the deep disgrace
  That dims a nation's matchless past,
That flushes every thoughtful face.
  And sets a universe aghast?

EMMA E. HUNT,
San Jose, '01.

PS3515.U5365.W7.1900b.MAIN

Christmas Carol

(Tune—"O, Come, Come Away.")

Rejoice and be glad, the Christmas bells are ringing,
May peace and joy without alloy
Make glad hearts today;
Let every flag of war be furled,
Nor let one dart of hate be hurled,
But let love rule the world
With peace evermore.

The glad day has come, for which we long have waited,
The blessed morn when Christ was born;
Rejoice and be glad.
This day of all the days belong
To consecrated praise and song;
Arise and join the throng,
Rejoice evermore.

Then let it be ours, to make all days a Christmas,
It's gladsome cheer throughout the year
To one and to all;
By every act of love we then
Can give the world a clearer ken
Of peace—good will to men,
And joy evermore.

EMMA E. HUNT,
San Jose, Cal.

1903

930842

The Storm

Columbia views the coming storm
  That shakes the world from pole to pole,
Above its might her towering form
  Bows with the anguish of her soul.

For in each vivid, blinding flash,
  She sees the wronged of ages rise,
Above the thunder's deafening crash,
  She hears their mingled, bitter cries.

Along the rising, swirling stream
  Earth's shattered thrones are swept away,
And by the forked lightning's gleam
  She sees her *own* stronghold give way.

The mighty navies of the world,
  Are in the seething vortex drawn,
Like brittle playthings tossed and hurled
  And broken,—then forever gone.

War, dripping from its bath of blood,
  (Earth's favored pet and boasted pride)
Sinks down beneath the angry flood,
  Leaving behind a crimson tide.

The onward, maddening march of Gold,
  Allied with competition's schemes,
Tho' striving still its power to hold,
  Is lost within the swelling streams.

Commercialism with its train
  Of mortgage, interest, bond and rent,
Now finds its locks and fastenings vain—
  Its golden rivets wrenched and bent.

The shackles of an age of Greed,
  Go down before the storm-king's wrath ;
Torn from its chains,—mankind is freed
  And justice claims the clean swept path.

Through breaking clouds behold the rifts
  That give the world a brighter glow,
While nature spreads again her gifts
  And hangs on high her promised bow.

EMMA E. HUNT.

San Jose.

BATTLE CRY.

THE SLOGAN has sounded, the battle is on;
Not the battle of blood-shed, of saber and gun,
Not the fame, nor the guilt, nor the glory of war,
When wrongs must be righted by a deluge of gore.

'Tis the rising of millions whose arms for the fight
Are the God-given lances of Justice and Right.
Columbia now calls in this hour of her need,
To smite down oppression, ambition and greed.

'Tis the Nation's Gethsemane. Dark was the hour
When Freedom was bartered to Wealth's lust and power;
Columbia in shackles, each free man a slave,
Once "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The land of no navy, no scepter nor throne,
Whose foundation was Labor, her fortress the home.
Her armies the workman, whose armor of mail
The badge of prosperity, the little tin pail.

Then proudly Columbia, her banner unfurled,
And Liberty's lamp sent a gleam o'er the world;
With a scream of defiance, our eagle in air,
Made the lion of tyranny slink to his lair.

Where now is her freedom? Legislation knows well.
Where her armies of labor? Ask the tramp, he can tell
Why the firesides of home now no longer are bright,
And the gaunt wolves of hunger are ever in sight.

Why is childhood a treadmill and virtue a price,
The jewel of innocence pandered to vice?
O, God of the Nations, no longer withhold,
But smite down the Judas who sold us for gold.

Shame, shame on a nation whose avarice and greed
Makes humanity tremble, and suffer and bleed,
Till a just retribution makes Liberty's flag
A *meaningless* emblem—a star-spangled rag.

To the front every voter. Let your arms for the fight
Be the keen edge of principle and broad-sword of right,
Swell the ranks that are rising to battle with wrong,
The slogan has sounded, 'tis Money's death-song.

Let the echo roll on to each hamlet and farm,
Like the voice of Revere, spreading wide the alarm,
Till it blends with the thunder from Liberty's hall,
"United we stand, divided we fall."

Thank God for a Bryan, with unbending knee,
Standing firmly erect, untrammeled and free,
Thank God for the man who with heart and with brain
Will *free* our Columbia from shackle and chain.

Thy Kingdom Come

(A Thanksgiving Day Poem)

Though blessed with health and plenty, still my heart
And lips refuse to offer thanks this day;
But unto Thee, O God! thus would I pray:
Thy Kingdom come to Earth—not to a part
That never felt the pangs of hunger's dart.
Is it too much to ask for all fair play?
That love (not charity) may hold its sway,
That babes be rescued from greed's soulless mart?
When thy o'er-powering might with gold has striven
And labor's heavy chain no longer clanks,
When man-made shackles everyone are riven,
And then shall cease to form war's bloody ranks;
Then will my song of praise sincere be given,
Then will I offer Thee, O God, my thanks.

EMMA E. HUNT.
SAN JOSE, CAL.

1903

MYTHOLOGY OF MONEY.

Part I.

WHENCE come the sharp and jagged rocks on which mankind is torn?
What makes humanity so scarred? Why do the millions mourn?

From Nature's lab'ratory vast came forth the land and sea;
Each teeming with her blessings rich, and every blessing free—

Free as the glinting sunlight's rays, with warmth in every gleam,
That hand in hand with shower and dew made earth with beauty beam.

The powers celestial came to earth, from out the azure rifts—
Bearing from Heaven's ambrosial bowers their rich and priceless gifts.

The Goddess Flora with her flowers left beauty in her train—
Pomona with her luscious fruit, and Ceres with her grain

Made earth a blooming paradise; for such was Jove's decree—
The world, for gods and mortals, too, a dwelling-place should be;

Where Science, with unerring pen, engraved on Nature's scroll
The purpose of the Infinite, *the sovereignty of the soul.*

Part II.

Within hell's lurid council-hall of state
Behold the hordes of discord in debate
In one fell purpose they would fain unite,
To send some fiend to earth, her face to blight.
Then shakes the realm of Hades utmost zone,
As Pluto, prince of darkness, from his throne,
Gives to his fiendish followers this command:
"At once, let pandemonium disband.

"No longer tarry with your vain debate.
But hark while Pluto sounds earth's signal fate;
Bid Mammon, mighty god, to earth repair,
And sow the seeds of Lust and Riches there;
Let not the sons of mortals know hell's scheme
Till dazed and dazzled by its witching gleam
They, one and all, shall grovel at its shrine,
Its daily sacrifice the soul divine."

Part III.

The curse of hell has done its work, and like a meteor's blaze
O'er Truth's horizon it has flashed and dimmed her pearly rays.

To far-off fields Elysian the gods have fled away,
And left poor blinded mortals in the grasp of Money's sway.

The seeds of lust and riches now have blossomed into birth;
And left their hellish traces on the once fair face of earth.

Behold Pomona's dower of fruit fenced in for Mammon's mart,
Where tender childhood and old age are yoked to Labor's cart.

'Tis competition's jagged rocks on which mankind is torn;
And man's inhuman acts to man make toiling millions mourn.

Within lust's licensed market-place fair youth is bought and sold,
And chastity is sacrificed on altars made of gold.

Within the Legislative halls the god of Mammon reigns;
And blinded Justice, manacled, lies helpless in her chains.

Beneath gold's gilded juggernaut of levied tax and toll,
Crushed manhood is the sepulchre of undeveloped soul.

PART IV. (SOCIALISM.)

A toilworn sleeper, on his lowly cot,
Dreams that a change has come o'er life's hard lot,
No more he hears his children cry for bread;
No longer fears the landlord's pompous tread;
The wife, now clad in beautiful array,
Smiles as she smiled upon her wedding-day;
Of Nature's blessings they can freely use;
From earth's resources they have but to choose;
Wealth, want and woe no more on earth are seen.
The toilworn sleeper wakens from his dream.
The dream, a seed of thought—though small the grain,
Has found a lodgment in the toiler's brain.

SONG OF GOLD

by

EMMA E. HUNT

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

The brooks, the birds, each leaf and flower
  Along the daisied way,
The snow-capped mountain peaks that tower
  To kiss the orb of day,
Inscribe their word on Nature's scroll—
Each silent voice speaks to the soul.

Thus Science lifts the mystic veil
  And reads Creation's plan—
That o'er the Earth will yet prevail
  The Brotherhood of Man;
That life is something more than breath
And lives beyond the realms of death.

War Sonnet

The base-born child of vanity and greed,
Misshapen and ill-favored from its birth,
A withering blight upon the face of earth;
Along its path the carrion vultures breed,
And plenteous harvests turn to barren dearth;
Its hideous form is decked in trappings fine,
The while it struts, its nodding plumes keep time;
Earth's lords—its masters—see their petty worth
Reflected in its pomp and tinseled show;
Fed by the praise from adulation's tongue
It stands supreme, the world's most dreaded foe;
Its bloody deeds as triumphs still are sung,
Unmindful of its ravages and woe;
But God is patient and the world is young.

EMMA E. HUNT,
San Jose, Cal.

1904

SHADOWS ON THE DIAL.

FREEDOM'S SUN is slowly setting, sinking down a lurid sky;
Murky clouds are tinged with crimson, human blood is in their dye.
Histories of every nation are the notes of Folly's crime,
Are the shadows on the dial, pointing to the wrecks of Time.

Human rights and Mammon's powers now are lined in bitter hate;
And the outcome of the battle will decide a Nation's fate;
Man to man in mortal combat, who would soul and body sell,
That they each might plunge the other downward to the jaws of hell.

Shall Columbia's written story be a sullied page of shame?
Telling how the greed for money quenched the fires of Freedom's flame?
Shall it be a repetition of the sceptered power of kings,
While the pendulum of progress backward into darkness swings?

You, who represent the Nation, you who guide the Ship of State,
Look ahead, and see the signal, ere the summons comes too late;
Freedom's ship now nears the breakers, verging on the danger line;
Turn its course while yet the dial gives one moment more of time.

Toiling millions now are thinking, as they never thought before;
They are crowding to the [redacted]
Through the dawning o
And the market-place of

They are throwing off tl
History's record they ar
In a resurrected manhoo
And with white lips the

They have met their co
And he answers, "I will
They now rally to the st
Teaching righteousness

They are asking for the
Answer, you who see th
They are asking, "Wha
Hark! for God gives ba

THE NEW ERA BUCKET.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket is now lost to view;
In memory's junk-shop awaiting a buyer,
Its value now measures a nickle or two.
The cool, crystal waters that once filled the bucket,
Now flow through the channel of profit and gain.
A water-pipe highway now leads to the pocket;
Monopoly's meter now binds with its chain.

Then come, brother, come, cast your Socialist ballot,
And soon a new bucket will hang in the well,
The New Era bucket, Humanity's bucket,
Will then bid the moss covered bucket fare-well.
Awakening millions are eagerly waiting,
To quaff from this bucket the waters of truth,
That flow from the source of an infinite wisdom,
And waters the earth with the nectar of youth.

All hail to the bucket, the New Era bucket,
The Socialist bucket that now comes to view,
Come all who are thirsty, and drink of its waters,
The free gift of nature, for me and for you.
As lips parched with toil sought the old dripping bucket,
So the world now awakens with a thirst in its soul,
To drink from the bucket, the New Era bucket,
The nectar of nature, without tax or toil.

EMMA E. HUNT.

San Jose, Cal.

BATTLE OF THOUGHT.

EARTH'S BOUNTIFUL blessings so rich, full and free,
Are stored in each valley—in mountain and sea;
For He who notes even the lone sparrow's fall,
Created in plenty—enough,—and for all.

The Portals are locked to this plentiful store,
And Love's labor only, can open the door;
When open, each blessing flows forth like a rill
Whose source can be traced to an Infinite will.

Then, why do we see so much misery and woe,
And poverty stalking the world to and fro,
And childhood a burden—to penury born,
While labor—man's crown—from his brow has been torn.

The earth is a part of the life-giving sun;
The needs of the creature, and creature are one;
If each from the other divided, should be,
The direful results we already can see.

Humanity's birthright is sold for a price,
And life at its best is a sad sacrifice;
In money we see a great, greed-making scheme,
And is but an obstacle coming between.

Its face bears an emblem suggestive of prey,
Its motto—This God is the God we obey;
The brand of the slave—retribution's sure curse,
The man with the Hoe, and the man with the Purse.

In ignorant blindness, man cares not to see
Why Nature's vast bounties no longer are free,
That, Greed, the great combine, has cornered them all,
And driven the masses—hard-pressed to the wall.

In blindness he sees but a pittance for toil,
He reaps for his masters the fruits of the soil;
The power of money he dare not ignore—
The wage of the rich keeps the wolf from the door.

How plaintive the wail of this wage-working race,
The cry of the hunted, hard-pressed in the chase,
O, God—for some work—is their wild hungry cry,
Tho' freezing and starving they dare not to die.

O, if from their eyes could be taken the beam,
And they could but see what's impeding the stream,
This inverted pyramid—ready to fall
And bury beneath it the great and the small,

O'er its rough jagged sides how humanity bleeds
And struggles and strives for their God-given needs,
So blind, that they see not in reaching their goal,
How they trample their fellows both body and soul.

We see one, by one, Nations perish by pelf,
And history is ever repeating itself;
Shall Columbia's birthright of freedom be sold
And ruthlessly bartered for a pottage of gold.

Humanity's conflict is now being fought—
A battle that's bloodless—The battle of Thought.
Its columns on-moving—its banners unfurled,
'Till money and want are both swept from the world.

With Truth for our motto—with Love for our song,
And Justice our watchword, we'll conquer the wrong.
The world for our country—mankind for our kin,
And God for our leader, we cannot but win.

THE LORD'S FEAST.

ERE YET the gladsome Christmas bells the welcome chimes had rung,
Ere yet the merry children had their Christmas carols sung,
An angel bright from heaven came, this message brought to earth;
"Your Lord will celebrate with feast the day that gave Him birth."

"Once more will don the humble garb of mortal, and come back
And on earth's sandy byways leave again His sandal's track;
His minist'ring angels He will send to spread the Christmas feast,
And bid to all a welcome, from the greatest to the least."

The merry, merry Christmas bells their sweetest chimes have rung,
The children, bright and happy, have their Christmas carols sung;
The heavenly feast is ready now, the Lord has waited long;
At last an angel brings to Him a careworn, hungry throng.

"These, Lord, are earth's most lowly ones, they come your feast to share;
Life is to them a bitter one, of struggle, want and care;
They bear upon their pallid brows the mark of many a thorn,
And on Life's jagged cross have hung, their feet and hands are torn.

"On through the cities of the world, as I pursued my search,
I found great throngs of people going here and there to church;
They begged to be excused, and said, 'There is no better way
To make a Christmas holy than to go to church and pray.

"Others were hidden from the world by high and massive walls
That seemed to say, 'Don't enter here, within these sacred halls;
Here dwell the chosen ones of earth, the sheep within the fold,
Who count their beads and fast and pray as did the saints of old.'

"Some bowed themselves to lust and wealth, they worship at a shrine
Where Fashion's dictates plainly say, 'My will be done, not thine.'
They spend their Christmas in the whirl where Fortune's favored sets
Ne'er mingle with the lowly ones, they too send their regrets.

"And those who sit in places high, with power they call divine
Have not one minute's time in which to share this feast of Thine;
Their 'peace on earth, good will to men,' is battle, hate and war,
And in the nation's council-halls they feast on human gore."

The Christmas feast is over now and each have gone their way;
To far-away Gethsemane the Lord has gone to pray;
"Father, once more the bitter cup My lips will have to drain,
And once again on Calvary my blood must leave a stain;

"For in this world of bigotry, of folly, hate and sin,
Mammon has made a sepulchre, the Soul lies stark within;
So through the lonely vale of death, once more would I atone,
To help the struggling ones of earth to roll away the stone."

"THE WRITING ON THE WALL."

ONCE PEERLESS, proud Columbia, the ocean's brightest gem,
Today you stand convicted in the hearts of honest men.
God's balance finds you wanting, go hang your head in shame;
Your titled boast of liberty is but an empty name.

Your royal robes and regal crown are trailing in the dust,
And falsehood stains your stars and stripes, as well as greedy lust.
Your birthday is a travesty of Freedom's natal morn;
And you a perjured prostitute, denounced in righteous scorn.

Shame on a great republic's name, that turns from friend to foe;
That makes a younger sister feel a tyrant's crushing blow;
Shame on your bristling ships of war, your cannon, shot and shell
That would the fire of Freedom quench and toll its funeral knell.

You take the favored of your sons, the bravest of the land,
And make of them but hireling slaves; a ruthless pirate band.
You send them forth in Freedom's name across the briny foam
To take by force the rights of men, their country, and their home.

You dress them in the sacred blue that makes the heart still thrill,
For it was worn at Lexington, and too, at Bunker Hill;
And brings again those stirring times when patriots of old
Did battle for the rights of men and not for sordid gold.

Your blue-coats of Manila are the red-coats of King George;
And that young and dauntless Malay, hero of Valley Forge;
Within his breast pulsating is the same Virginian fire
That gave the world a Washington, and you an honor'd sire.

If you would raise your head once more and free your name from stain,
Let Justice guide you to the right, and call them back again;
In God's name call them back again, from out that guiltless land—
For every bayonet thrust they give is from an assassin's hand.

Turn them from savage buccaneers, to soldiers of nobler ken,
To fight like Lafayette of old—the foes of weaker men,
And like another hero, train their guns the other way,
And sweep the Nation's war-dogs back from off Manila bay.

Go, like the holy Nazerene, and with a scourge of thongs,
From out the Nation's Temple drive the cause of all your wrongs;
The changers' tables overthrow—where Freedom's rights are sold,
And where the good old Ship of State is bartered off for gold.

Then will you be a Nation's pride—the glory of your sons,
Who will your regal crown uplift, mid roar of breathing guns,
A stainless flag again unfurl, the ensign of the free
That breaths from every fluttering fold, *the name of Liberty.*

"REVERIE."

ROLL ON, roll on—old World, roll on,
Thou wanderer of the unknown vast,
Thy cycles—the eternal chain
That linksthe Future with the past
And binds upon the brow of Day
Night's coronet,—the Milky Way.

Roll on, old restless world, roll on
With all thy weary weight of care:
Roll on—nor heed the breaking hearts
That cry aloud in will despair;
For He who hurled thee into space,
Bade thee roll on—nor slack thy pace.

Speed on, O Destiny, speed on,
And from that shoreless, soundless sea,
Whose phantom ships are coming years,
Bring thou the fate that waits for me
And though it wrings the bitter moan
It is the harvest I have sown.

Live on, soul thoughts, live on, live on,
Thy flame lights up the ether sea,
And forms the silvery dust of stars—
Fragments of worlds that a re to be,
Links of Creation's boundless chain,
Forged from the furnace of the brain.

Begone, old doubts and fears, begone,
The world now rises from its tomb,
Reason, no longer bound by creeds—
Soars high above Hell's lurid gloom,
Held in the everlasting arms
Serene we smile at Death's alarms.

Twilight and Dawn

✦

First the darkness, then the shadows
  Of a long and murky night—
Then the Twilight's first faint glimmer,
  Ushers in the coming light.

As the dawning light of reason
  Turns the darkness into grey,
Ignorance with all it's errors
  Like the mists—must clear away.

Poverty and Want's grim spector—
  Crime, the Nation's curse and shame,
And the Dollar-brand that shrivels
  Manhood's high and holy name.

'Tis the Dawn that calls for action;
  Man and woman brave of heart
Write on high the Freeman's Charter,
  That ignores a human mart.

Every victory for Justice,
  Brings us nearer to the hour
When the damning clutch of money
  Can no longer wield its power.

O'er a war-swept world of conquest
  And oppression's bitter thrall,
Lo, the Sun of Freedom rises,
  O'er the far horizon's wall.

Capital and all it's cohorts
  Tremblingly the portents scan;
For they know the dawn of Freedom
  Ushers in—THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

EMMA E. HUNT.

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